Falſ. I would it were bed-time, *Hall*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſ. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loth to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honour pricks me on: yea but how if Honour prick me off when I come on? how then, can Honour ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, Honour hath no skill in Surgery then? no: what is Honour? a word: what is that word Honour? Aire: a trimme reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? Doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: 'tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead; but will it not live with the living? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore i'le none of it; Honour is a meere Skutchion; and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter Worceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know; *Sir Richard*,
The liberall kind offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then are we all undone,
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in loving us,
He will ſuſpect us ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our lives, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes.
For reaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who never ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lockt up,
Will have a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily:
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the neerer death.
My Nephews treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of priviledge.
A haire-braind *Hotſpur*, governd by a ſpleene,
All his offences live upon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from us,

We